

BOY COLONY IN A SINGLE TENEMENT.

Thirty Little Greeks Who Vend Flowers Dwell Together Under One Roof.

Brought Here by a Padrone, and of Their Earnings They Get a Mere Pittance.

LIFE WITH THEM A CONFLICT.

To Be Arrested, to Want, to Toil Early and Late, These Are the Natural Incidents of Existence as They View It.

There is an interesting little colony of foreigners gathered together in a corner of that portion of the city known as the shopping district. The place where they live is a shabby, two-story tenement, situated in the rear of a narrow alley at No. 28 West Thirtieth street.

There is a little brick-paved yard and a rickety flight of stairs running up the outside of the structure, whereby entrance is gained to the second story. At the far end of the enclosure is a rough board shed, with open doorway, about which are ranged several round tables. It is on these tables that are piled up each morning before daybreak the great heaps of ferns and flowers that are to be peddled about the sidewalks to the women who pass during the day. They are brought down from the New York Cut Flower Company's establishment, in West Twenty-third street, by the wagon load, and are stowed away in the wooden shed.

Some thirty boys, all Greeks, most of them ignorant of the English language and new to the country, live together, much crowded, in the old tenement. There are no women and all the meagre cooking and housework is done by the boys themselves. The neighbors find great interest and amusement in watching life as it goes on in the tenement.

During the early morning and late evening the boys are herded together there, sorting out and bunching together the flowers on the tables as active as ants in a mound. All day long the place is deserted, for business hours with these foreign laborers are exacting. The boys are, indeed, all slaves of the padrone system, and more or less the personal property of the men who employ them.

Under such conditions their business of flower selling is not to them lucrative. They get from \$3 to \$10 a month—usually about \$5—and they are content with their wages; for as none of them is at all intimate with local manners and customs there is no one to make objections. The employer invites them over to the United States, looks out for them on arrival, and thereafter provides them with permanent quarters in the little rear tenement in the alley. After that he teaches them enough of the native tongue to cover their financial operations, which are simple, and sends them forth along the sidewalks. There they alternate the time with selling flowers and getting into the hands of the police.

Friction with the law is a part of the business, so recognized, and occurs so often that contempt soon breeds. Among the reasons for this is the fact that the padrones are considered by the police as being guilty of crime. His profits permit him to do this without causing any remarkable financial strain. Fines do not often exceed \$5, and a pitiful tale of ingenious excuse for breaking an ordinance will often get the boy off with nothing more than good counsel and reprimand.

And that the system is profitable to the employer is unquestionable. "George the Greek," the forty-second street magistrate,



MARIE BRANDA

AGED MRS. SNOW'S PLUNGE TO DEATH.

While Demented She Jumped or Fell from a Second-Story Window.

Seventy-five Years Old, a Sufferer from Neuralgia and Nearly Blind.

CORONER SAYS DEATH FROM SHOCK.

Mrs. Mitchell, with Whom She Lived, Had Been Guarding Her Until Within a Few Moments of the Accident.

Mrs. Annie Snow, who was seventy-five years old, and lived at No. 58 East Eighty-sixth street, died yesterday afternoon from

SHE MAKES AN ART OF ASKING ALMS.

Little Marie Branda Caught While Telling a False Story of Destitution.

Was Accompanied by Two Italian Women Carrying Weak Babies.

SENT OUT BY THE CHILD'S MOTHER.

Agents of the Gerry Society Think They Have Finally Discovered an Organized Band of Beggars in New York.

Marie Branda, a ten-year-old Italian girl who says she lives with her widowed mother in Blind Dan's alley, No. 52 Cherry



MRS. BRANDA'S HOME

Little Marie Branda, a Professional Beggar.

Agents of the Gerry Society arrested the child for telling a false story of destitution concerning two Italians who pretended to be selling papers, and carried babies in their arms for the purpose of arousing sympathy. The officers say that Mrs. Branda, who is a ragpicker and lives in "Blind Dan's alley," is the head of a band of professional beggars.

DID NOT ABDUCT THE CHILD.

Mrs. Hiller of Saratoga Honorably Discharged from Arrest by Magistrate Brann. Mrs. Ellen Hiller, of Saratoga, charged with abducting the eight-year-old daughter of Mrs. Louise Weidemeyer, was discharged yesterday by Magistrate Brann in the Yorkville Police Court. She was brought to this city Saturday and locked in the Mercer Street Station. Mrs. Hiller, her sister, then visited the Magistrate and told him that Mrs. Hiller had legally adopted the child in 1893; that the mother in the following year had attempted to regain possession of it by a writ of habeas corpus, which Justice Barrett, of the Supreme Court, denied. On receipt of this information Magistrate Brann at once secured the prisoner's release. W. W. Smith, of Saratoga, yesterday, submitted Justice Barrett's decision, which declared that the mother was not a fit person to care for the child. The complaint was dismissed and the Magistrate said he had been grossly deceived.

"Oh, how could I have made such a mistake?" she gradually sank, and died about about noon.

Coroner Heber and Coroner's Physician Schultz viewed the body yesterday afternoon. They pronounced the cause of death to be "shock from a fall." Strenuous efforts were made to keep the fact of the accident a secret. Dr. White had known Mrs. Snow for ten years.

"Mrs. Mitchell owns the house where the accident occurred," he said. "Indeed, I understand that she bought it purposely that Mrs. Snow might live with her. She afterward took her out of the house, and if the deceased had independent means, but I suppose she must have had. I think she has relatives somewhere in this city, but her only friend seems to have been Mrs. Mitchell. She was a widow and childless."

The window from which she fell was low, but not so low that she could well have mistaken it for a door."

MANY YOUNG OFFENDERS.

Magistrate Simms Has His Hands Full in Dealing with Child Thieves and Criminals.

"There seems to be an epidemic of crime among the children of New York," said Magistrate Simms in the Centre Street Police Court, yesterday.

The remark was occasioned by the large number of juvenile offenders arraigned before him on various charges. The first youthful prisoner before the bar was Thomas H. Palmer, twelve years old. When at home he lives with his father, Peter Palmer, at No. 229 West street. A few weeks ago, the police say, the boy robbed his father of his week's wages. A year ago he was a stowaway on a ship bound for New Orleans. When discovered the captain did not have the heart to leave him arrested. Thomas returned his kindness by stealing a suit of clothes when the ship reached New Orleans. He has been arrested several times, but has managed to escape punishment.

Patrick Kenny, thirteen years old, of No. 26 Rector street, was charged with stealing a lamp post. It was in front of No. 74 Greenwich street, and a police officer saw several boys attack it and tear it from its fastenings and start to cart it off. All the lads, except Patrick, escaped. Patrick cried when Magistrate Simms turned him over to the Gerry Society.

Another prisoner arraigned thirteen-year-old Jacob Rosenzweig, on a charge of gambling. The officer swore that at 7 o'clock yesterday morning he found Jacob indulging in a game of craps. The boy refused to give his address and was held for examination to-day.

Arthur Gehan, another juvenile gambler, was found shooting craps on Park place. He was in a room in a building on the Bowery. The woman had been abandoned by her husband, and said she had been put out of her rooms for non-payment of rent. She was sent to the almshouse and the child committed to the Gerry Society.

The girl was arrested Saturday on Park place. She had with her Mrs. Emilie Demma and Mrs. Carmella Spina, each about thirty-five years of age. Each woman had a child in her arms and was ostensibly selling papers. When a passerby stopped to purchase a paper little Marie would give the information that the woman's child was very ill and the mother very poor, and a large family had to exist on the profits of the sale of the papers.

Agent Pisano was accused and questioned the women. They did not speak English, but informed him in good Italian that they had only arrived in this country ten days ago, three of which were spent on Ellis Island. Marie's mother, Mrs. Isabella Branda, had told them they could go out with the girl providing they shared the profits equally and all they had to do was to hold out the papers and look sad.

The two women and their babies and little Marie were locked up, and the agents began an investigation. They found that Mrs. Branda was a rag picker and occupied two filthy rooms in Blind Dan's alley. The rooms were about six feet wide and eight feet long and contained piles of rags and paper. The mother of the girl disappeared when she learned that officers were looking for her.

The agents claim that Mrs. Branda not only indicated the child to beg on the streets, but when Italian immigrants with small babies were scarce, would borrow infants from the neighbors and furnish them to Italian women for the purpose of begging.

When Marie and the two women were arraigned before Magistrate Simms in the Centre Street Police Court yesterday, the agents recommended the discharge of the two women, as they were merely used as tools. This was done. The girl was held for examination to-day, when she will be committed to an institution. It was expected that the mother of the girl would be among the spectators in the court room, and a careful watch was kept for her, but she did not appear. The Gerry agents think she is at the head of the gang of Italian women who make a practice of begging about the city, and will endeavor to make an example of her if they catch her.

Stricter Passport Regulations.

Berlin, April 26.—Owing to recent instructions from Washington the American Embassy will hereafter enforce stricter regulations in regard to passports, persons making application for which must give the most satisfactory proofs of their identity before they can obtain them.

MAYOR GLEASON IS READY TO SUBMIT.

No Danger of the Battle-Axe Chieftain Being Put Behind Bars.

He Will Obey Justice Dykman's Order and Recognize Clerk Batterman.

BUT HE HAS NOT STOPPED FIGHTING.

Health Board Books to Be Surrendered and Higher Courts Invoked to Re-establish the Long Island City Mayor's Authority.

"I have heard the news from White Plains and I intend to respect it," said Patrick Jerome Gleason, Mayor of Long Island City, yesterday. Mayor Gleason referred to an order of Judge Dykman, of the Supreme Court, directing him to surrender the documents and books of the Board of Health of the municipality of which he is the head to Ferdinand H. Batterman. Mr. Batterman thinks he is the lawful clerk of the Board of Health of Long Island City, but Mayor Gleason does not agree with him.

Patrick Jerome Gleason adjusted a handsome jeweled battle axe, with a blade of pure emerald, that adorned the lapel of his vest, remarking as he did so, "To the victor belongs the spoils, and to the Democratic party the battle axe follows." Then he continued:

"The history of this case is in a nutshell as follows: 'The new Board met April 16, 1896. Batterman refused to recognize the Board and perform his duties. Charges were made and he was removed, as was the counsel to the Board, Frank E. Blackwell. All the records were placed in custody of the Mayor, and a new clerk was appointed, William J. Coffey. Batterman obtained an order of court, and on return day I appeared by counsel before Judge Dykman at White Plains, and stated that all records of the Board were in the office at the City Hall, and had never been removed, but were in custody of the clerk.'

As no affidavit of mine was filed stating that the books had been delivered to Batterman, Judge Dykman granted an order directing the delivery of the books at Batterman, and in default that I should be committed to jail.

"The order of Judge Dykman will be obeyed and the records of the Board will be delivered to Batterman to-morrow morning. The order will probably be appealed from."

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DRIVEN BY FIRE TO THE HOUSETOPS.

All the Tenants in Two Large Harlem Flats Seek Shelter on the Roofs.

Flames in the Air Shaft Between the Two Houses Cut Off Escape by the Stairways.

FIRE IS QUICKLY EXTINGUISHED.

Police and Firemen Avert a Panic by Showing the Inmates the Way to Safety Through the Skylights in the Roofs of Adjoining Flats.

Nearly fifty persons, men, women and children, were forced to seek safety on the roofs of a block of buildings during a fire in Harlem yesterday.

The flames shot up the air shaft between two five-story and basement flat houses, at Nos. 61 and 63 West One Hundredth street, and made the stairways on both sides impassable.

Fortunately, after the tenants reached the roof they were in no real danger, for it was possible to go over the tops of the houses and get down to the street through buildings where there was no blaze to face.

The fire started about 2 o'clock in a woodshed in the rear part of the basement at No. 63. The family of Jacob Weber, occupying the rear flat in the basement, was first disturbed by the flames, which were even then too hot for anybody but firemen to struggle against. The fire went up through the floor to the kitchen in the rear first floor flat, occupied by Francis Chase and his family.

Chase turned in the fire alarm, but the fire was faster, and had ascended half way to the roof in the air shaft by the time Chief Shea arrived. The fire spread in the rear to the buildings at Nos. 61 and 63 One Hundredth street with such rapidity that the Chief ordered a second alarm.

The firemen attacked the blaze from both the front and the rear of the flat houses. There were twenty flats in the building where the fire started, and nineteen of these flats were occupied. Several of the women in the upper floors, when they found the stairs had been burned, were terribly frightened and ran to the windows screaming for help. Wardmen Walsh and Ward, of the Twenty-sixth Precinct, with several other policemen and the Fire Marshal's men, ran up the stairway at No. 63 West One Hundredth street, over the roof and into the burning building. The officers showed the tenants on the upper floors how they could escape, and succeeded in getting everybody out safely. The same thing was done at No. 61, where the stairs were burned a little and all the hallways filled with smoke and fire.

In half an hour the last spark was out. The damage to the building will probably not exceed \$1,600. The flats are owned by Charles and Burt Lindsay, of Rutherford Park, N. J.

Among the tenants no one lost heavily but Francis Chase. All of his furniture was burned. It was insured. The total loss to tenants is about \$1,000.

BURNED AS THEY SLEPT.

Firemen Laid Half a Mile of Hose to the Scene, but Could Not Save the Aged Couple.

Middletown, N. Y., April 26.—Bernard Cullen and his wife were burned to death early this morning in the ruins of their home near Chester.

Cullen and wife, both middle aged, retired last night leaving a lamp burning. Their son Morris came in at 12 and turned it down. About daylight this morning he was awakened by smoke in his room. He groped his way to the door and opened it, when flames burst in, driving him back. He jumped from his window on the third floor and found that the house was afire from basement to roof. His efforts to awaken his father and mother were fruitless. George Thompson, a sixteen-year-old cousin of the Cullens, was awakened and he managed to raise his window, when he fell out exhausted, landing upon his head and sustaining severe wounds. Morris succeeded in pulling him from danger, though his own hair caught fire in the act.

A ten-year-old lad named Welsh rode half dressed, to Chester village and gave the alarm. The firemen laid a line of hose nearly half a mile to the scene and flooded the ashes until men could dig out the bodies of the farmer and his wife. Cullen's watch was found under his body uninjured and running. A large sum of money was burned. Cullen was a prosperous farmer, and has half a dozen children living in Jersey City.

SPORT'S LEAP OFF A ROOF.

An Afflicted Dog Plunged Down Five Stories and a Policeman Killed Him.

Sport is the name of a black-and-tan dog owned by Mrs. Faas, who lives at No. 207 Eighth avenue. Something broke in Sport's brain yesterday and afterward the dog could only drag two helpless hind legs about. Sport did not understand his affliction, nor did Mrs. Faas or her husband. The latter carried Sport to the roof in excess of caution and then went for a dog doctor.

Sport did not like being left alone on the roof of a five-story apartment house any better than he liked the leaden helplessness of his hind legs. He dragged those dead legs all over the roof, as he looked for a means of escape. He climbed painfully to the coping and gazed down the street until his muddled brain lost the sense of the great height. Then he saw a familiar face in the crowd that watched him, and sprang toward it.

The crowd melted in fright and Sport struck the stones. He was not killed, but the useful fore legs were broken, and when he tried to rise a yelp told of his pain. He jumped into the street, where he landed on Sport's head, and the dog's suffering was ended.

JUMPED FROM THE FERRYBOAT.

Unknown Man Leaps Overboard While on His Way from Hoboken.

A tall, well-dressed man, with a light spring overcoat and a Fedora hat, jumped from the Hoboken ferryboat Lackawanna, in the middle of the North River, shortly after 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The ferryboat was stopped, but two men in a rowboat fished him out of the water and he was hauled aboard the Lackawanna.

He refused to give his name, but he was hauled into the river. When the boat landed at Fourteenth street he entered a cab and was driven away.

GERMAN SCULPTORS OBJECT.

Indignant Because Government Work is Given to an American.

Berlin, April 26.—Dr. von Stephan, Minister of the Imperial Post Office, has charged the American sculptress, Mrs. Cadwallader Gould, with the modelling of two great allegorical figures representing respectively "Postals" and "Telegraphs," to be placed upon the Post Office building at Jagdberg.

The German sculptors, through the Vossische Zeitung and other newspapers, have protested against the award of the work.

A BROOKLYN GIRL'S ROMANCE SPOILED.

Wedded a Fascinating Scot Who Robbed and Left Her in Liverpool.

Caused His Arrest in Jersey City and Found He Had Another Wife in Belfast.

HAD HIS EYE ON A HOBOKEN MAID.

The Handsome Fraser Smokes Cigarettes, Smiles and Says He Thinks His Punishment Will Be Two Years in Prison.

There is a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed English girl in Brooklyn who is making the best of an extremely awkward situation. Miss Annie Everett, of No. 845 Bedford avenue, daughter of a plastering contractor, married Edwin Sylvester Fraser, a smooth-tongued, good-looking young Scotchman, and later learned that he had a wife in Belfast, Ireland. Fraser is now in a seven-by-nine cell at Jersey City Police Headquarters. Though he admits that he is guilty of bigamy, he smiles the same old smile with which he was wont to charm maid and spinster. He smokes cigarettes—as does the stage villain after he has been "undone"—and he says between puffs that he expects to get about two years.

In the arrest of Fraser the Jersey City police have spoiled a promising career, for Fraser had just cast his eye on a Hoboken spinster with Miss Everett, of Brooklyn, spoiled his plans.

Fraser is twenty-four years old and came to America from Belfast, where he had been a blacksmith's helper. He had been in the English Army and is a well-set-up, sturdy fellow. He lived in Seventh avenue, New York, having rooms with Emanuel Nesebaum, and then he moved to Jersey City, and lived with his uncle, Robert Saunders. He wrote letters to his pretty little wife in Belfast, telling how successful he had been and that soon he would have money to send for her. They would "live in a pretty little cottage" and "their hair would silver amid leafy trees and in the glad sunshine of the open country." He knew how to write to women, did Fraser.

For his adventures grave and gay he adopted the name of Edwin Saunders and advertised as a rich young Englishman of good family in search of a young woman matrimonially inclined. That caught Miss Everett. They met at a scar on Fraser's right cheek that he said he obtained in war in the Sudan did the rest. They were married in Dr. Miller's Church in De Kalb avenue, December 22, 1895, after Fraser as Saunders had won the affection of his future mother and father in law. He said it would be a good thing if they could upon their wedding journey visit his rich relatives in Dublin. The bride furnished the money, \$350, and they sailed by the Lusitania, January 4.

In Liverpool he suggested that his bride visit kinfolk of hers in Manchester for a few days, while he went on to Dublin and prepared a house he owned there for her reception. He would take her trunks and wedding presents with him so that they could be properly arranged before her arrival. They separated and when she, falling to hear from him, went to Dublin, she found that he had stopped at the Old England Hotel, North Wall, and had there had a sale of her belongings. Things that had been worn and couldn't be sold he gave to the house maids. Her watch he retained and told one of the housemaids that he intended it for his sister in Belfast. He had returned to New York by the first steamer from Queenstown.

Miss Everett's relatives sent her home and since then she went searching for her missing spouse. She did not then know about the wife in Belfast. Nesebaum, with whom Fraser lived in Seventh avenue, introduced him to a Miss Nellie Turner, of Jersey City, a very pretty young woman, who did not accept his advances with the favor to which he had been accustomed. Recently she was married to Thomas Murphy, and now lives at No. 147 Bright street, a block away from Fraser's uncle's home. Fraser transferred his affection and attentions to Mrs. Murphy's aunt, a spinster with considerable money, who lives in Hoboken. He was seen at a reception at the spinster's house by an acquaintance of Miss Everett, and that led to his arrest.

Lawyer John F. Marion, of Jersey City, in Miss Everett's interest located him at his uncle's house. So high was the official estimate of his evil-life ability to get away that four officers went to No. 117 Bright street to arrest him. He had taken warning and was leaving with all of his effects, including a rather extensive wardrobe, when Detectives Doyle and Dalton arrested him. A search of his trunk revealed letters from the wife in Belfast, and then only Miss Everett knew that she was not in truth a wife.

"I had no intention," Fraser said, yesterday, "of marrying the lady in Hoboken. That was a mere flirtation. I still love my wife—that is, my real wife in Belfast—and I do hope she may not hear of this."

Fraser will be arraigned Tuesday morning, and will probably be remanded until extradition papers are obtained for his return to Brooklyn.

IN CORLEARS HOOK PARK.

A New Breathing Spot on the East Side Now Ready for Dedication to the People's Use.

In a few weeks the Corlears Hook Park will be formally dedicated by the Park Commissioners. Residents of the neighborhood have availed themselves of the fact that there are no gates to bar their ingress and yesterday afternoon they occupied every part of the Park in which they could sit comfortably.

The Park contains ten acres, is almost square, and is bounded by South, Cherry, Corlears and Jackson streets. From all parts of it there is an excellent view of the East River, the river front of the Brooklyn Navy Yard and the tall chimneys of the sugar refineries of Williamsburg. Facing the river, and with a rear wall abutting closely on Cherry street, a two-story granite structure 100 feet in length is nearing completion. The lower floor will be used as a lavatory, and the central portion of the elevated part as a band stand, on each side of which will be placed a sufficient number of benches to seat eight hundred persons. The property cost the city \$1,570,424.



Where Boy Peddlers Live Who Make Fortunes for Padrones.